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Volume devoted exclusively to the meteorological statistics of the Argentine Republic.

I have the honor to salute your Excellency with my highest consideration.

B. A. GOULD.

Cordoba Feb. 24th 1874.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The great business of the day yesterday was seeing friends off by the Neva. There was a perfectly prodigious crowd on the mole head; every passenger had a legion of friends.

sorrow" displayed by everyone concerned was something touching. Don Mateo Forrester left in his special steamer the Cisno about half past 2 o'clock, the vessel being well nigh filled with his friends. A superb luncheon was served on board on the run out to the Neva. Mr. McSherry had a levee of his well wishers at the Hotel de la Paix, and they all accompanied him to the mole head. Major Rickard and family.

departure and did not leave in the Nevada. A perfectly awful amount of gold coin has gone by this steamer; the specie boxes were carried out of the agent's office in scores, and some say that fully £150,000 in the best coined sovereigns has left this market for Montevideo, Rio and London, never to return. This looks unpleasant.

The political event of yesterday was the publication of Dr. Alsina's address to his fellow citizens, in which he withdraws his candidature for the Presidency of the Republic. The address is dignified and patriotic, the Vice-President acknowledging that the results of the election will be a severe

"How is it that you have never kindled a flame in any man's heart?" asked a rich lady of her portionless niece. "I suppose, aunt, it is because I'm not a good match," meekly replied the poor niece.

The *Springfield Union* thinks that one of the most amusing sights is that of a pretty and elegantly dressed young lady.

rear of a street car, from which she has just alighted, and calling frantically to her pet poodle to "come back, you awful thing, and let that horrid yellow dog alone," and in the next breath beseeching the driver to wait till she can get her "darling dog."

Our old and valued correspondent "Dick," who is a high authority on camp matters, sends us the following in reference to a new shearing machine called the Patent Lightning Sheep Shearer—"In a January price current I have seen a drawing of the above named tool, which appears to me, and to some estancieros who have

well. It is described in the London Price Current in the following words: 'There is as much advantage in shearing sheep with this shear as there is between clipping a horse by new clip pers or an old fashioned pair of scissors. It does not require skilled labor to use it, cuts the wool close to the skin, cannot injure the sheep, and a willing man can shear six sheep with this tool while he is doing one on the old fashioned system.' The retail price of the article is twenty-one shillings, wholesale price sixteen and sixpence. I think estanceros would be justified in giving this instrument a fair trial: if one man can shear six hundred

A terrific storm of wind, rain, thunder and lightning burst over the city exactly at midnight on Monday. For a short time the wind attained appalling force, blowing from every point of the compass in turn, shaking the strongest built houses and giving vessels in port enough to do to avoid disaster. The rain came down all of a heap, like 100 Niagara Falls knocked into one. Fortunately the tornado lasted but a short time, and all was over in an hour. We have heard of

The Neva took a very big mail. The rush to Mackerr's, Hibbert's, and Daws' well-known establishments, for stamps, was tremendous. Clerks and clerics, merchants and manufacturers, the 3 Bs and every section of the community struggled, pushed, and stamped on their neighbours' toes to get near the counters. To procure their stamps, lick them, clap them on and rush for the Capitania was the work of a moment, and the squeeze at the Port Capitain's was something awful. Stamp selling is a splendid trade just

So it is; but have our readers heard of the stamp 'sell' on the Municipality? The big bill which the National Bank 'was going' to discount for the City Fathers, but did not, required a stamp of 3,000 to 4,000 mcs. The Fathers sent for the stamp and scraped up the price somehow and somewhere. When they went to the Bank Mr. Anchorena would not advance them a rap, so they sent the stamp back to have it cancelled, and the price of it returned. Alas! The vanity of the Corporators had induced them to affix the Municipal Seal in blue ink to it before going to the Bank, so the stamp was cancelled, but, oh, what the Generals did then, I shall leave the Generals to tell.

trators were 'stuck' for the amount,
Ha! Ha! Ha! He! Haw!

